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## Original Papers.

### ODE TO MEMORY.

I.

Oh Memory, who shall paint thee as thou art?  
Who shall embody thee, since every heart,  
Shaping from self alone,  
Conception of its own,  
Doth o'er thee its peculiar mantle cast?  
Sometimes thou watchest o'er the solemn Past,  
Like sweet Cordelia by the couch of Lear,  
Smoothing with pious hands his snowy hair,  
Or blue-eyed spring, a virgin debonair,  
By winter's shrouded bier!  
Sometimes thou sorrowest o'er departed Youth,  
Like Venus by Adon,—sometimes like Ruth,  
Thou steal'st behind the wasteful Reaper, Time,  
Gleaning with needful care what'er he leaves—  
Remembrances of faded hope and prime,  
The loose ears shaken from his garnered sheaves!

Sometimes thou sittest like a maiden lone,  
In pleasant Dreams of Youth, thy true love flown,  
Reading his burning letters o'er for hours,  
Kissing the relics of his withered flowers,  
Pressed in the pages of a favorite book,  
Opening thy casket, twenty times to look  
Glowing and weeping o'er its treasured things,  
Love gifts, and tokens, precious gems, and rings,  
And more than all, the miniature of old,  
Thick-set with jewels, in a case of gold!  
A widow in the soul's deserted halls,  
Entranced in reveries of its pleasures fled,  
Communing with the pictures of the walls,  
The portrait of the lost and hallowed dead!  
A mourner, pale and wan, dissolved in tears,  
Flitting amid the sepulchres of years,  
Clasping the urns, and strewing flowers above  
The mouldering dust of Hope, and Faith, and Love!

II.

Thou hast a thousand votaries, Memory,  
A thousand happy hearts delight in thee,  
What dost thou want with me?  
I love thee not,—Enchantress, thou dost raise  
In mockery, the ghosts of vanished days!—  
A host of shrouded spectres, near my mirth  
And haunt me, dashing with remorseless hands  
The brimming chalice of Delight to earth,  
Spilling the bravest wine on thirsty sands!—  
I would,—I must forget, my early life,  
My feverish dreams, my wild ambitious strife,

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The early fading of my hope and Truth,  
The deep and wasting passion of my youth,—  
Away! no more of that, in mercy cease,  
And give my tortured heart a moment's peace!—  
I have a hell within me, is it naught?—  
Stretch me no longer on the rack of Thought!—  
There are some chords of feeling, tender chords,  
A touch would break, they are so nearly broken;—

And some impassioned words, but hopeless words,  
Must never more be spoken!—  
I never summoned thee,  
Thou sybil Memory!—  
Away! and leave me free!—

I sigh,—but oh! 'tis not for thee I sigh,  
I thirst,—but pass thy maddening beaker by,  
I sigh for rest, I thirst for Lethé's wave,  
And hope ere long to find them, in the Grave!—

Miserere mei!—

Kyrie Eleyson!

R. H. STODDARD.

## DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTHWEST.

NO. II.

### UP THE BAY.

Now struggling 'gainst wind and tide  
The steamer holds her way,  
Nor heeds the waves that lash her side  
And wreath her prow with spray.

THE usual mode of communication between Galveston and Houston is by steamboat, and there are generally two running between the two places, thus making a daily line,—the distance being only about eighty-five miles, and is achieved in from ten to twelve hours.

In winter, however, these trips are prolonged according to the good will and pleasure of the northerners.

Having embarked upon one of these asthmatic means of locomotion, you will first encounter, in your progress up the Bay, "Pelican Island," a very narrow and very low strip of sand, lying directly in front of the city, at a distance of some two or three miles from it.

This island derives its name from the immense numbers of "Pelicans" which congregate there. Nor are they the only aquatic bird which inhabit the place, it being a favorite rendezvous for all varieties that frequent the Bay.

In the month of May its sandy shores are literally covered with their eggs, and beach parties often resort there for the purpose of gathering them. Rounding the southern extremity you have a full view of Galveston Bay—a narrow strip of timber skirting the shores of the mainland far on your left, making as it were a line of demarkation between the prairie and the water; and on the right the masts of vessels in port, and one or two buildings, more pretending than their neighbors, alone giving token of the existence of the city; the island itself having already disappeared, hidden by the miniature surges of the Bay.

Ten miles further on you will arrive at "Red Fish Bar," a formidable obstacle to navigation. This is a ridge of sand, in many parts elevated above the water, and extending entirely across the Bay, with the exception of two or three narrow passages.

Having passed in safety you then find

nothing to impede you. Progress until you reach "Klopper Bar," some ten or twelve miles further up, and lying directly across at the outlet of San Jacinto Bay.

Let me here remark that I have no intention of making a coast survey for the reader's benefit, and shall attempt no regular or continuous description of the country after conveying him in safety to Houston; but this section is so much spoken of and has so much of historic interest connected with it, that I have here deemed it best to be minute in sketching.

After passing Klopper's Bar on your left, the so called San Jacinto Bay opens full before you.

I say "so called," for it is really but the mouth of the river proper, the main channel of the Bay being only from a third of a mile to a mile in width, running between and winding among a chain of islands, behind which are snugly ensconced sundry other small bays and coves, of so little depth of water, however, that a "norther" renders them impassable even for canoes.

Every point, creek, cove, bay, and island in sight has some story of its own attached to it.

Immediately upon your left, after entering San Jacinto Bay, stands "New Washington" the plantation of Colonel Morgan: the building surrounded and embowered by a grove of the orange and fig.

This spot was the furthest point—the ultima Thule—which any of Santa Anna's army attained in the invasion of 1836.

There—in that very house—looking so quiet and demure, as if it were the very spot of all the world for indolent repose, was the President of the new Independent States of Coahuila and Texas, very quietly waiting the progress of events, doubting whether or not it might be wise to embark in a vessel which lay off the Point, with the fugitives on board, bound for Galveston. There he sat hesitating what course to pursue in order to preserve his neck from too intimate an acquaintance with Mexican hemp, when suddenly and unexpectedly a party of the enemy's horse dashed up the lane.

Burnett and his friends escaped by one gate, as the adverse party entered the opposite; they rushed down to the water's edge, found a boat, and embarked; but ere they had advanced a musket shot from the shore, their foes were upon their track.

At this critical moment, the boat grounded; and had the horsemen pushed their steeds into the water, the entire party had been captured; but they halted, and raised their "escopetas."

Among the fugitives was a lady, whose person, fortunately for his Excellency, was in proportion to the size of her heart.

She arose, interposed her amplitude so as to completely shelter and conceal the President, and, to the honor of the Mexicans be it said, they withheld their fire.

Brutal, murderous, faithless as have been all of their dealings with the Texans, they have respected woman; but this was an extreme case, and it might be doubted whether, under similar circumstances, many who claim to be more civilized and less sanguinary than

the Mexicans, would have withheld their bullets from the escaping chief of the enemy, denounced as a rebel and outlaw, with a price put upon his head, restrained by the fear of injuring a woman.

Let us give the *d—l* his due, and the Mexicans whatever meed they may deserve, for it is but seldom that we have an opportunity to praise them.

On the opposite side of the bay, from New Washington, is Cedar Point, and upon it stands a cabin of no very remarkable appearance or lofty pretension, yet it and the land surrounding have long been a bone of contention between a Gothamite Texan, and no less a personage than Sam Houston.

The circumstances of the dispute were somewhat singular and complicated.

The league of land, or rather, as the Mexican law and deed term it, the "*sitio*" upon which the said house stands, was granted to a person of the name of E—.

This E—, it seems, had been married in the old Texan fashion, which, being a very odd mode indeed, had better, perhaps, be explained to the reader.

Under the Mexican regime, the church of Rome—or rather, a very corrupted version of it—reigned paramount; the priests, in fact, controlling not only church, but state; and all marriages were declared illegal unless performed by one of their order.

Unfortunately, however, the Mexican ministers of the Catholic church were not of that self-denying class, who willingly spend their lives among wild woods and wilder men; advancing the cause of God, and assisting and instructing their fellow men.

On the contrary, they much preferred their snug "*haciendas*," fat dinners, and rosy nieces, to say nothing of a Sunday game of "*Monté*" with their flock, to tramping about the country with every probability of picking up more kicks from the Indians than coppers from "*los Yankees*."

This was, therefore, a very awkward state of affairs, which might lead to troublesome results; and something had to be done, for like poor Paddy in the song,

"It might be for years, and it might be for ever,"

ere the light of a "*Padre's*" vinous countenance would illumine the out-of-the-way settlements; so Mexico passed a law.

When Mexico and China fall into a difficulty, they pass a law, issue a "*pronunciamiento*" or proclamation, and *voilà!* the thing is done.

Texas has been completely subjugated several times by the one party, and those belligerent "*Fankweis*," the "*John Bulls*," repeatedly humbled to the dust by the other, in this very simple and efficient manner.

The law, however, passed in this instance, taking all things into consideration, was perhaps the best thing that could have been done.

The substance of it was, that whenever a couple desired to commit matrimony, and themselves, at one and the same time, if no *Padre* was at hand to unite the chain of roses (which, by the way, is a pretty metaphor for something more enduring than steel, and sometimes more galling than nettles), then the contracting parties were allowed to assemble their friends, and in their presence sign a bond, pledging themselves mutually to submit to a more regular performance of the marriage rite, whenever called upon so to do by either party, if a priest might be found, or to forfeit five hundred dollars.

Under this strange law were the marriages of the early Texans performed, and very few of the parties ever after gave any thought to the necessity of "*troubling a priest*," until civilization coming hand in hand with liberty, the Solons of the new Republic declared all such marriages null and void, unless completed according to their amended laws within a certain time.

Wives were then valuable commodities—valuable on account of their scarcity; and very few of these bonds were forfeited.

While upon this subject, permit me to recommend to the respective collections of legislative wisdom of Connecticut and Kentucky, to give this system a close examination, and to judge if it be not preferable to their mode of doing business.

Thus was E— married, and some years after, dying without a will, he left a son by a former legitimate marriage, and a wife by the laws of Mexico, to dispute for the possession of his "*sitio*" and "*labore*."

Ere any proper division or settlement had been made, the lady sold one-half of the land to the "*old chief*"—as Houston was called—and soon after either sought some other country, or followed her husband into another world.

The son, not to be behindhand with the old lady, also sold a half to Mr. Y—, a lawyer in Galveston.

Both parties claimed the best portion, insisted loudly upon the legal right of their respective vendors, and both took active measures in the matter.

Houston, I believe, first took possession of the land, built a log cabin, and resided there for a time, leaving a German to protect it when he retired from the field; from which the tenant was soon ousted by Mr. Y—, who now in his turn moved his family there.

Being both lawyers, the disputants took up the weapons of their kind, to fight out the battle, and at it they went, pell, mell.

It soon appeared that the title—such as it was—of the Old Chief, only covered the other half of the league in question; and he very gravely requested the court to make a regular exchange, and by some hitherto unknown rule, grant him the part which he coveted, insisting that the papers were drawn up erroneously, and should have conferred it upon him.

How this decidedly comical case has terminated, I know not—but probably not at all, as lawsuits have no limits in Texas, and the one in question will probably rival in immortality the celebrated case of *Peebles vs. Plainstones*.

And now having attained my utmost limit, I leave the reader, hoping in my next to enjoy the pleasure of a voyage up San Jacinto, in his good company. P. P.

#### A MONTH AMONG THE CATAMOUNTS.

SAMUEL SMYLER was a "*Green mountain boy*." He himself was entitled to the adjective, as well as his native hills. If personally verdant, however, the coloring was, fortunately, not of that fixed character which defies the attrition of the world. It was rather a tinge, fainter and more effaceable, such as is not unfrequently contracted within the jurisdiction of apron strings. There were sterling qualities beneath.

Samuel was born to a love of adventure: so early in life and so uniformly did he manifest this trait of character, as to give rise to a doubt whether he had not come into the world

merely by way of experiment. That he was destined, by an extraordinary concurrence of events, to a full gratification of his propensity, no one who reads the following narrative will be disposed to doubt. He was honestly entitled to his adventurous disposition, it having been left to him by a progenitor who had left him nothing else. If, therefore, he determined to seek, in travel, that much abused and much courted lady, *dame Fortune*, who, according to the French fabulist, most usually waits upon people at their own doors, he was at least running no risk. He had no "*stake*" in society—scarcely a *veal-cutlet*. He ventured his life, it is true; but as that was a commodity which had cost him nothing, he was not in the habit of placing any very high value upon it. He resolved to travel, and by some means, immaterial to the present narrative, wandered into the province of Nova Scotia, where for a while he sojourned contentedly in the famed city of Halifax. But while wandering, one sunny day, among the wharves, gazing at the shipping, and listening to the merry "*yo ho*" of the sailors, he was suddenly seized with a desire to try his fortune on the sea. There happened to be then in port a British frigate and her consort, bound on an exploring expedition up that immense arm of the Atlantic, usually known by the inadequate name of Baffin's Bay. He immediately applied for employment. The vessels were on the eve of departure, and there was but little leisure for parley. The frigate chanced to be not quite fully manned, and our hero's seamanship being taken for granted, he was at once employed. The commander may be easily excused for not suspecting a man to be capable of shipping before the mast, for the North Pole, who had never yet seen blue water. The result was what might have been foreseen. That most annoying malady of the sea, which lights with such peculiar force upon landmen, took full possession of the tyro, and held him long and obstinately in its thrall. In vain was he laughed at, and berated. For several weeks he was useless and almost helpless, and when, at length, he recovered, it was only to find himself exposed to new troubles. Although possessed of that ready skill and tact so valuable in emergencies, he was, unfortunately, in a situation now, where nothing could supply the want of experience. His total incompetency to his business was of course fully apparent to the officers, who were thus afforded an opportunity of awarding a sort of poetical justice to the offender, and at the same time indulging in some of that practical joking, of which sailors are particularly fond. During fair weather Sam managed with tolerable dexterity to fulfil the duties assigned to him. A heavy gale soon furnished an opportunity of testing his courage and ability to the utmost. He was fully engaged in trying to maintain his footing on deck, by clinging to the shrouds, and wondering why people who had the power of remaining on *terra firma* should ever venture upon so unsteady an element as water, when he was suddenly ordered aloft to assist in reefing the topsails. Sam gave one despairing look upwards. He saw or fancied he saw the bowsprit rising towards the zenith, and the next moment, descending with majestic sweep, point into the very depths of the watery abyss. While he hesitated, the order was peremptorily repeated: and his companions were already springing, cat-like, up the shrouds. In vain he asserted his inability. The mate was inexorable. A short parley ensued, during which the officer becoming exasperated, applied his cane to the shoulders of the delin-



quent, and to the utter astonishment of the beholders, received a blow in return. It was the work of a moment—the thoughtless impulse of a man ignorant of naval discipline, and accustomed to regard corporal punishment as an unendurable indignity. Within a few moments our hero found himself the manacled tenant of the hold, liable to all the pains and penalties of a mutineer. It may be a matter of doubt whether the extreme punishment of the law would have been meted out to the offender, but a fortunate concurrence of circumstances rendered a decision of that important point unnecessary. Sam soon became aware of the magnitude of his crime, and set his wits at work to avoid the consequences. A perfect calm had fortunately succeeded the gale of the afternoon, and the night, though still, was dark and cloudy. Nothing could be more favorable. Our hero had been observing enough to learn the want of vigilance of the watch on deck during moderate weather, and now made a safe calculation as to the hour when Morpheus would reign almost as uninterruptedly above as below. Though ironed, he was not guarded. He easily managed to get rid of his shackles, which had doubtless been imposed more as a matter of form than from any conviction of their necessity, and creeping to the gunner's room, he procured half a dozen muskets and a brace of pistols. By good luck he also found a quantity of ammunition. These, with a tolerable supply of provisions, he conveyed silently into a little boat that dangled at the ship's side, and in ten minutes was floating half a mile astern of the Thunderbolt, with no fear of the yard-arm before his eyes. That such a feat could have been accomplished was only because it could not have been anticipated. Few would have had the temerity to attempt it, however fearful might have been the alternative. Sam knew little or nothing of his position. He knew, indeed, that he was in Baffin's Bay, but whether two miles or two hundred from shore, he could not tell. He had heard on ship-board, on the preceding day, that they were in the seventieth degree of northern latitude, but this intelligence conveyed but little information to his uneducated mind. Fortunately the night was one of the shortest, it being the latter part of May, and the ensuing dawn, to the great joy of the traveller, revealed the land scarcely half a mile distant. It revealed also a less welcome sight, which was nothing less than a deputation of polar bears, waiting to receive him at the water's edge. Sam viewed these new enemies at first with considerable consternation, but after a little reflection coolly loaded his weapons, and taking the oars headed the boat for shore. When within about twenty rods of land he stopped to reconnoitre. "There they stood," to quote his own account of the matter, as detailed to my informant, "three large varmin's, watching me, and licking their chops, and now and then walking forwards and backwards impatiently, like wild animals in a cage. I was a pretty good marksman—I was. So I got three muskets ready to fire quick, one after t'other, and the way they lost their appetites wasn't slow. But bless you, sir, there wasn't any need of haste. They never offered to run. When the first one fell, the other two came up to him, wondering like, and looked at him, and then looked at me. I couldn't scarcely bear to shoot the poor ignorant critters, and if they hadn't been so kind of onneighborly as to want to eat me, I raly believe I should have let 'em alone."

A solitary individual, on the coast of Baffin's Bay, in latitude seventy north, would

seem to be in a sufficiently uncomfortable position. But our hero was not easily daunted. With a full conviction that he had escaped hanging by flight, he wisely considered that whatever sufferings he might undergo, short of death, he had still the best of the bargain in parting company with the Thunderbolt. After much puzzling reflection he arrived at the conclusion that he had landed upon the western side of the bay, and that to afford any reasonable chance of ever again reaching his deeply regretted home, he must travel in a southerly direction. This he very properly resolved to do, by means of his boat, keeping at all times near the shore, and not doubting that sooner or later he should reach some inhabited section of the world. He found himself in want of two articles. One of these was fresh water, and the other clothing. To supply the last of these requisites he prudently resolved to appropriate to his own use the very comfortable and ample surcoats of the slaughtered bears. As for water, he did not doubt that a slight exploration of the coast would suffice to supply him with this indispensable beverage. But, alas, how sadly are all human calculations liable to be defeated! Samuel moored his boat under a cliff, and began deliberately to divest the carcasses of their hides, and so intently was he engaged in this operation, that he had no warning of the unpleasant interruption to which it was destined. A sudden and silent grasp of each arm was of itself sufficiently startling; but when on looking hurriedly up, he discovered what, at first view, appeared to be two other bears standing erect close beside him, terror for a moment paralysed his faculties. A second survey of his captors revealed his mistake, but scarcely diminished his fears. He was in the custody of two strong and athletic looking Indians, and a multitude of others were hastening towards him, and surrounding him on every side. There was no opportunity for defence. All opposition at the moment was so evidently useless, that he quietly resigned himself to his fate. The savages proceeded at first deliberately to satisfy their curiosity, by examining the person and dress of their captive, and the bodies of the terrible animals which he had slain. The feat was a wonderful one, in their estimation, and evidently inspired them with a high idea of the stranger's prowess. The next step was to disarm the prisoner, which they did in part only, taking from him his knife, the only thing about him which, in their eyes, resembled a weapon. His pistols, which they either overlooked or considered merely as ornaments, they left undisturbed. The muskets had fortunately been left in the boat, and were not discovered. After this a terrible brandishing of weapons ensued, accompanied by signs and gesticulations, intended to intimidate the prisoner, and forewarn him of the consequence of any attempt at escape. They then proceeded in a sort of triumphal procession to a little village of cabins a few miles distant, the sailor occupying the centre of a hollow square, or rather circle, and being watched, and gazed at, and danced round by the whole troop of wondering vagabonds; the scene being not dissimilar to that of a crowd of delighted urchins escorting some poor vagrant to the county jail. Nor were the carcasses of the bears overlooked by the Indians. Indeed, the eagerness and care with which they carried off these treasures, proved that they were looked upon as no slight windfall. The sailor was conducted to the principal lodge of the village, where mutual addresses were made between himself and an

old chief, of which about as much was probably understood as at similar ceremonies in civilized life. Perhaps it was as well that our hero's remarks were not fully comprehended, as he took the opportunity to inform his gaping auditory, albeit with many a smile and amiable gesticulation, that he considered them a pack of arrant knaves and cutthroats, with as villainous-looking an old sinner for their chief as one could well desire. After these complimentary proceedings, Sam was politely conducted to a cabin, which he was informed by signs was designed for his especial accommodation, and as a further proof of good will, he was soon after supplied with food, of a quality that scarcely needed the sauce of hunger to render it palatable. True, the generosity of his entertainers did not extend to feeding him on the luxury of bear's flesh, although supplied by himself; but of the commoner dainties of venison, salmon, and wild turkey, there was no stint. Sam fortunately belonged not to the school of weeping philosophers. He liked his quarters well, and as he continued to be entertained with great liberality, gave himself but little uneasiness about the future. True, he was a prisoner, watched day and night, but unmolested. For several weeks he continued in this situation. He received frequent visits from the chief, and principal braves. These worthies, it is true, rather looked at him than strove to converse with him. Their mode of salutation was not a little singular. They took hold of their guest, one by the arm, and another by the leg, and *felt of him*, then slyly punched him in the side, and looked at each other, and smiled. And Sam smiled too, at which they laughed outright. They say Indians never laugh. It's a mistake. They laughed to see Sam smile.

At length, one sunny day, the sailor perceived, from some "loophole of his retreat," an uncommon bustle and stir in the village. There was an unusual passing to and fro between the wigwams. The children manifested extraordinary glee; and occasionally a knot of these little half-clad savages would run up to his cabin and peep through the chinks of the wall, and then with a whoop and hurrah bound merrily away. Something was evidently in progress. Having little to employ his mind, he naturally amused himself by closely watching the proceedings. At length he thought he perceived indications of an approaching feast. A large fire was built in an open court, and various singular culinary utensils from time to time made their appearance. He was evidently not mistaken. There was to be a feast. Sam next began to wonder whether or not he should be invited. He reflected how kindly he had thus far been treated, and concluded that he should. He was not left long in doubt on this point. At about noon he was waited upon by two of the Indians, and received them with as gracious smiles as he could command, intending thereby to intimate that he appreciated their politeness, and would reciprocate it at the first convenient opportunity. His visitors, however, did not seem disposed to be ceremonious. They opened the door, and signified to the sailor that he must accompany them. Sam quietly obeyed, and was conducted silently to a place where the whole band were assembled, in the vicinity of the fire. The weather was cool, and he considered it no small compliment that the place assigned to himself was very near that cheering and vivifying element. He was a little surprised, however, to find that the eyes of all were fixed intently upon him, whom they had already seen so often. The preparations for feasting

were still apparent, with the anomalous exception of food. No game of any kind was scattered upon the plain—no fish, flesh, or fowl, was visible. Samuel was not blessed with what is usually termed a quick perception. But demonstrations which could scarcely bear misconstruction began to be made, and the horrible truth at length flashed upon his mind that he was in the hands of cannibals. *The feast was one at which he himself was to be served up.*

(To be continued.)

## Parisian Critical Sketches.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE OF  
CHARLES LAMB.

BY PHILARETE CHASLES.

I.

CHANCERY LANE.—VALPY'S.

A MAN can have lived a long time in London and never have noticed Chancery Lane.

It is neither a street, an alley, a blind alley, a crossing of several streets, a little narrow street, nor a passage; it is an obscure and unheard of something, where certain persons engaged in law, commerce, or finance, have established their sanctuaries. You will find all the lugubrious colors blended into a reddish harmony, on a bituminous background touched here and there with ochre and coral. The houses are high and of brick, but of a venerable brick, bronzed by smoke, burnt by the sun, blackened by time; of brown brick, reddish-brown, pale-brown, greenish-brown, tinged more or less with yellow, which charmed me strangely in 1818. Was this impression exact? I will not swear that it was, but it was thus that the scale of shades which embellished Chancery Lane impressed itself upon my then youthful imagination. There I saw Charles Lamb, the charming humorist; there I performed my first literary feats of arms. He would have written a delicious episode on Chancery Lane; he, the naive and delicate prose writer, one of those nonchalant, gossiping, amusing pages so delightful for the reader, and (which is also of some consideration) for the author.

This corner of London, and the printer Valpy who inhabited it, would not remain so vividly in my memory did they not form the background of the scene, and the real landscape from which the strange figure of which I have to speak detaches himself. I crave pardon of the London *bourgeoisie*. Perhaps at this day their Chancery Lane is a very beautiful street, like Rue de Rivoli, built of dressed stone or of marble, with leaping fountains, and rainbows trembling in the sun. Perhaps I was mistaken. I was then some fifteen years old. This sort of infernal carrefour, a dismal passage between two gloomy streets, with its double regiment of iron palings presenting arms, and those gruff-looking houses of advocates and tip-staffs, red and menacing, still rises up before me. I see the printers' boys with their crowns of paper (crown of their profession, irreproachable blazon), and that literary cavern, that cave of Trophonius, Valpy's office, which occupied one of the extremities of this mysterious retreat. Behold the small door where reams of paper were perpetually being passed in to come out transmogrified to Lexicons and *Graduses*. It was there, at Valpy the printer's, that was kneaded all the erudite dough employed for the alimentation of Oxford, Eton, and Cambridge, for *variorum* editions, translations, annotations. Greek accents showered down like hail in that cave,

where some twenty meagre young men grew pale over Greek proofs, and ejected a misplaced accent with furious zeal. Strange reminiscence, and pleasant withal. It recalls to me Charles Lamb and his friends the Cockneys, Valpy and his *savants*, my first reading of Wordsworth, on the banks of the Serpentine, and the literary revolution of which I was a witness, and Irving's strange sermons, and all that original life of the English humorists and thinkers, in which I, though young, participated, and which Great Britain has had the misfortune to lose since the continent has civilized and polished her after its own image.

Few of the savants of Europe, or the quarter-savants, in *us*, in *os*, and in *phaleg*, have escaped the necessity of knowing James Valpy, editor of the Pamphleteer, the first of the reviews to make known the talent of Charles Lamb. Young, ambitious, and active, I see him seated and pale amid his erudite net-work of Greek proofs, Hebrew registers, his well kept account-books, and his money drawers well filled with guineas. Arachné enthroned in the midst of her web. He himself was of Hebrew descent; and his nose like an eagle's beak, bent like a point of interrogation, sharp as a knife, and with a point like a needle, is as deeply engraven on my memory as his room fitted up with sombre purple, his irreproachable black clothes, and his cases of green boxes overflowing with Greek. He was a king.

Gail, the Greek Abbé, wrote supplications to him on his knees. Valpy possessed letters of Boissonnade (not supplications, but fine criticisms) I imagine, that our *spirituel* savant, Letronne, wrote to him sometimes; he corresponded with Schweighæuser, Dornundblumenhæuser, Traurigfielschriebhæuser,\* and Heyne. One sees nothing of such persons except in England. He lives still in some gentlemanly retreat, that marvellous mixture of Israel and of London, of commerce and of *comme il faut*, of erudition and the Bank, the whole fused together and forming the most supple, cold, and sharp steel imaginable. Valpy deigned to print my juvenile attempts. From a loop-hole of his dingy office, I saw for the first time the rough perspective of the literary world. Modest campaigns achieved under that Greek flag, humble preface, first astonishment before the types which reproduced my fly track! Commentaries on the *Pro Ligurio*, Notes on Thucydides, Collations of manuscripts and texts, letters of Mattaire arranged by myself (*Epistolæ Mattairii*), classic and honest labors, I love to remember you.

II.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH LAMB—LIFE OF THE HUMORIST.

I was one evening in June, 1818, in James Valpy's study, where it was necessary to light a candle at noon and to have fire in June, when a small, old, good-humored, dark-looking man entered; at first only his head was seen, then his large shoulders, then a delicate trunk, and at last two legs, fantastically meagre, and almost imperceptible. He had a green umbrella under his arm, and a very old hat pulled down over his eyes.

Vivacity, mildness, melancholy, and gaiety seemed to gush forth in torrents from his extraordinary countenance. As soon as you fairly saw him, you regarded no more this ri-

dulous exterior it seemed as if something formed of pure intellect was before you, passing the bounds of matter, shining through outward form, disporting itself like the light, overflowing from all parts. There was neither health nor strength, scarcely anatomical reality in those poor little spindles, covered with ribbed floss silk, and terminated by extraordinary feet cased in large shoes which, placed flat on the ground, advanced slowly after the fashion of palmpèdes. But you saw nothing of these singularities, you only gave attention to a magnificently developed forehead, over which locks of glossy black curled naturally; to large, melancholy eyes, to the expression of a large, liquid pupil, to the excessive fineness of the nostril, sculptured with a delicacy of which I have never seen another example; to the bend of a nose very similar to that of Jean Jacques, in his portraits. All this, with the nobly elongated oval of his face, the exquisite contours of his mouth, and the fine position of the head, lent dignity—intellectual dignity, the highest of all,—to this feeble and disproportioned organism.

The good Lamb—a sort of La Bruyère, Addison, and Sterne, whom no one will ever translate, and it will be well not to do so—Charles Lamb; *Carlagulus*, as the savants called him; Elia, as he was styled by the *au fait* (he had thirty little friendly sobriquets, and I have never heard any one speak of him solemnly and seriously as Mr. Lamb), the good Lamb then came to inquire after one of his friends, Hugh Boyce, a poor young man, consumptive, a great scholar moreover, something of a poet and very interesting, whom our publisher had chained in his pack, and employed, with twenty more, in the chase of Greek accents. Lamb possessed a collection of friends of that kind. A singularity or a misfortune sufficed to attach him to a man; he loved these wandering fragments, broken reeds, plucked flowers, which float at hazard along the social current.

More than one foolish adventure punished him for such preferences; these robbed him, those laughed at him, others calumniated him, as in general they took him for a rich man, and were not mistaken. The poor clerk in the East India Company's offices was assuredly a potentate compared to orphans and lost children, actors without engagements, officers without half pay, or any fraction of authors without publishers, scholars without a public, whom he made his comrades of a morning. As he could only love them and not help them, he only gained their ill will; but he still and always loved them. Never did a human heart find more enjoyment in pity. The need of sympathy and commiseration was in Lamb almost a disease. He venerated a poor man, he esteemed a sick man—if you were poor and sick he would follow you as a dog follows his master. An enemy of pedants, he had an especial hatred of philanthropists—the Tartuffes of modern religion; he would I think have strangled a moralist and hung a negro-philist. He abhorred grand speeches, and regarded systems as nets of vast dimensions set by avidity, fraud, and audacity, for human folly. Gay and melancholy, pardoning everything in a man except lying, always smiling, often laughing, sickly to an excess, drinking a little too much ale with his friends, smoking too much, spending in puns nine-tenths of his talents, in old books of the fifteenth century three-fourths of his little income—this romantic being, who mocked at romance as the Chevalier Cervantes did at chivalry, was not only a strange man, but of great heart,—a man

\* This erudite gentleman, we imagine, is introduced by our author as one of the family of Professor Teufelsdröckh. The English signification of his name is "sorrowful from much writing."



of genius, whom the Dickens and Marryatts may hide for a moment, but will never eclipse. Already he stands a full head taller than the most part of the illustrious men of his generation or of our own.

## Reviews.

### THE HOLLAND PURCHASE.

*Pioneer History of the Holland Purchase of Western New York*; embracing some account of the Ancient Remains; a brief History of our immediate Predecessors, the Confederated Iroquois, their System of Government, Wars, &c., a Synopsis of Colonial History, some Notices of the Border Wars of the Revolution, and a History of the Pioneer Settlement under the auspices of the Holland Company, &c., &c. By O. Turner. Buffalo: Jewett, Thompson & Co. 1849.

THE "Holland Purchase" was the purchase of over three millions of acres of land, by an association of capitalists in Holland, who were speculators in western lands on a large scale, in 1793. The entire tract was purchased of Robert Morris, the millionaire of the Revolution. It comprehended the greater part of the present counties of Allegany, Wyoming, Genesee, Orleans, Cattaraugus, Erie, Niagara, and Chautauque. The acquisition of this vast territory for the purpose of improvement, and with the design of systematic settlement and cultivation, was a most important agency in the growth and progress of Western New York. The importance of the events that were connected with it, and the consequences which resulted from it, well entitle it to form the basis of a history.

Mr. Turner, in writing the narrative of the early occupation and gradual settlement of the western part of this State, has judiciously availed himself of the means within his reach, of giving to his work that local and sectional interest which is often the surest guarantee of success. The present residents of the western counties, connected, some of them by descent and consanguinity, some of them by acquaintance and reminiscence, and almost all by traditional association with the characters who figure in this work, made up in great part of biography, cannot fail to take especial interest in its perusal. We have the biographies of all the Fathers of Civilization in what is now one of the most populous and important territories in the Union, many of them possessing in a high degree the strong elements of character and the native force of mind which so singularly characterized the leading pioneers in the settlement of this country, in whatever part of it they planted themselves.

The portraits of many of these worthies accompany the text, and are very well executed. The foremost is that of Joseph Ellicott, the first surveyor and superintendent of the Holland Purchase—"the founder of new settlements, the ruling spirit of backwoods' enterprise and high achievements in the work of progress and improvement," as the author describes him. In the account of his life, and the lives of his associates and successors, there is a wide range of stirring incident and hardy enterprise.

The arrangement of Mr. Turner's work is not as clear and methodical as the requirements of history generally demand, but it contains an amount of interesting and truly valuable information and research, which atones for many defects of style and arrangement.

We find an interesting extract in some passages from the biographical sketch of

ROBERT MORRIS.

"When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Philadelphia, Mr. Morris was presiding at a dinner usually given on the anniversary of St. George. He participated in putting a sudden stop to the celebration in honor of an English Saint, and helped to upset the tables that had been spread. His resolution was fixed. It was one of devotion to the cause of the colonies; and well was it adhered to.

"When Washington had recrossed the Delaware for the second time, in December, 1777, the time of service of nearly all the eastern troops had expired. To induce them to engage for another six weeks, he promised a bounty of ten dollars each, and for the necessary funds applied to Mr. Morris. In the answer of Mr. Morris, accompanying the sum of fifty thousand dollars, he congratulates the commander-in-chief upon his success in retaining the men, and assures him that if further occasional supplies of money are wanted, 'you may depend upon my exertions either in a public or private capacity.'

"The years 1778 and '79 were the most distressing periods of the war. The finances were in a wretched condition, and Mr. Morris not only advanced his money freely, but put in requisition an almost unlimited individual credit. In a private interview with Washington, the subject of an attack on New York was broached. Mr. Morris dissented; assuming that it would be at too great a sacrifice of men and money; that the success of the measure was doubtful; that even if successful, the triumph, as to results, would be a barren one; the enemy having command of the sea could at any time land fresh troops and retake it, &c. Assenting to these objections, the Commander-in-Chief said:—'What am I to do? the country calls on me for action, and moreover my army cannot be kept together unless some bold enterprise is undertaken.' To this Mr. Morris replied: 'Why not lead your forces to Yorktown? there Cornwallis may be hemmed in by the French fleet by sea, and American and French armies by land, and will ultimately be compelled to surrender.' 'Lead my troops to Yorktown,' said Washington, appearing surprised at the suggestion. 'How am I to get them there? One of my difficulties about attacking New York arises from the want of funds to transport my troops thither. How, then, can I muster the means that will be requisite to enable them to march to Yorktown?' 'You must look to me for funds,' rejoined Mr. Morris. 'And how are you to provide them?' said Washington. 'That,' said Mr. Morris, 'I am unable at this time to tell you, but I will answer with my head, that, if you will put your army in motion, I will supply their means of reaching Yorktown.' After a few minutes' reflection, Washington said, 'On this assurance of yours, Mr. Morris, such is my confidence in your ability to perform any engagement you make, I will adopt your suggestion.' The close of the Revolution must have found him in possession of immense wealth, exceeding by far that of any individual citizen of the United States—but he was destined to a sudden reverse of fortune. There followed the Revolution a mania for land speculation, as great perhaps in proportion to the number of persons to participate in it, as any that has been witnessed in our own times. Mr. Morris participated largely in it; investing in large tracts of wild lands, as they came into market in different parts of the United States; realizing for a time vast profits upon sales. A reaction ensued, which found him in possession of an immense landed estate, and largely in debt for purchase money. From the opulence that we have been speaking of, he was reduced to poverty; and ultimately, some merciless creditors made him for a long time the tenant of a prison."

### THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By John Ruskin, Author of "Modern Painters." John Wiley.

THE announcement of a new work by the Oxford Graduate was one which was heard with great pleasure by the lovers of Art, all of whom it may safely be said had made themselves acquainted with the author's previous volumes; and however much they might have differed from the opinions therein maintained, had universally esteemed him as a bold and original thinker.

The present work we like much better than the last. It is more practical, more direct, and more condensed. It leaves a much clearer impression upon the mind after its perusal, for the *Modern Painters*, although every page was full of thought and abounding in beautiful imagery, was as a whole unsatisfactory. It seemed to be only a reverie on Art, very delightful in itself, such as you might hold with a painter on a pleasant sunny afternoon, comfortably stretched on one of the rocky platforms of the Catskills. Its interminable length and the continual reference to volumes yet to come were also objections. We cannot give all our time to one subject or one author, however much we may love both. We cannot muse with him through several hundred close pages on a stretch. The *Seven Lamps* is not altogether free from this objection, though we hardly feel authorized to make it, remembering that we arrived at the *finis* much sooner than we wished, and would gladly have read as much again. One may be too lavish, however, even of good things, and Mr. Weller's wise observation as to the secret of letter writing, "to make 'em wish there was more," may be well applied to authorship.

The title is in fine harmony with the subject, fanciful and suggestive of the Scriptural Symbolism to which Church Architecture owes so much of its beauty and power. The Lamps are the Moral Principles which should be embodied in Architecture. It is not enough that the materials be good, the mason's and the carpenter's work honestly performed, the architect must do his work honestly too. There must be no make-believe for the purposes of deception, no sanded-brown paint for freestone, no magnificent façades, with nothing behind them, no stone fronts eked out in their upper details with wood, under the foolish notion that the deception will not be apparent, as if it bettered the matter any if the trick were not found out. Our author judges the character of the house as he would that of the man who inhabits it. Should not the foundation of all respect, in the one as in the other, be honesty? Is not this equally true as a matter of taste as well as of morality? What would you think of a gentleman who sported imitation jewelry, or a lady who wore paste diamonds? If these things are wrong and offensive in their dress, are they not equally so in their houses? nay, even more so, as the house is or should be built to outlast their few years of life, and thus the error is perpetuated unless the elements, by that unavoidable action which in true architecture as in nature lends a grace to the real and true, expose these paltry deceptions.

If these principles are applicable to dwellings, how much more so are they to edifices of a public and national character, which are designed not only for present use, but to transmit the names and memories of their founders or of the generation by whom they were built to other times; and how infinitely more to that

highest of all Architecture, as of all earthly striving—that dedicated to Religion. Shall shams and vain deceptions mock us there, and distract our attention from the thoughts of eternal truth?

But this matter of Truth is but one of many principles which the author has well and feelingly illustrated. His lamps burn with no fitful glare, but illumine with clear and steady brilliancy all the recesses and hidden places of this wondrous science, "uniting," as he nobly says, "the technical and imaginative elements as essentially as humanity does soul and body." Alas! that we must follow out with him the comparison, so humiliating on both sides to human pride. "It shows the same infirmly balanced liability to the prevalence of the lower part over the higher, to the interference of the constructive, with the purity and simplicity of the reflective element."

Our author's Seven Lamps or Spirits, by whose light every work is to be executed, are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience. Sacrifice is that spirit which, having influence in all, has, nevertheless, such especial reference to devotional and memorial architecture—the spirit which offers for such work precious things, simply because they are precious, not as being necessary to the building, but as an offering, surrendering, and sacrifice of what is to ourselves desirable. "This applies not merely to material but to ornament." A common objection made to the use of splendid material, and the employment of elaborate work on places of public worship, is answered as eloquently as it is conclusively, in the following passage:—

#### COSTLY CHURCHES.

"It has been said—it ought always to be said, for it is true—that a better and more honorable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so: woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need places to pray, and calls to hear His word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and His poor: it is not between God's house and His Gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colors on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs; no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be ex-

ercised. There are isolated cases, in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses; but then this is true luxury, felt and tasted, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted, nor can be enjoyed; men's average resources cannot reach it; and that which they can reach, gives them no pleasure, and might be spared. It will be seen, in the course of the following chapters, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoted fineries or formalities; cornices of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual—things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use—things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility. I speak from experience: I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety; but I say this, emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs."

The objection drawn from Papal corruptions against beautiful churches is met by the following:—

#### ROMANIST TINSEL.

"So also let us not ask of what use our offering is to the church: it is at least better for us than if it had been retained for ourselves. It may be better for others also: there is, at any rate, a chance of this; though we must always fearfully and widely shun the thought that the magnificence of the temple can materially add to the efficiency of the worship or to the power of the ministry. Whatever we do, or whatever we offer, let it not interfere with the simplicity of the one, or abate, as if replacing, the zeal of the other. That is the abuse and fallacy of Romanism, by which the true spirit of Christian offering is directly contradicted. The treatment of the Papists' temple is eminently exhibitory; it is surface work throughout; and the danger and evil of their church decoration lie, not in its reality—not in the true wealth and art of it, of which the lower people are never cognisant—but in its tinsel and glitter, in the gilding of the shrine and painting of the image, in embroidery of dingy robes and crowding of imitated gems; all this being frequently thrust forward to the concealment of what is really good or great in their buildings. Of an offering of gratitude which is neither to be exhibited nor rewarded, which is neither to win praise nor purchase salvation, the Romanist (as such) has no conception."

The pretence, not the reality, is akin to what there is of emptiness in ceremonial worship. The useless Grecian portico, useless because it is not needed to stand under, as it merely forms an entrance to the building within which the assemblage is held, useless to keep off rain and snow because it can do neither, is far more akin to "Romanism" or "Puseyism" (to use a nickname of the day) than the solemn and beautiful Gothic, whose faintest indications, down even to pointed terminations of its

windows, were looked upon with so much horror a few years ago in certain portions of our country. Let us not blame the inconsistency, but be thankful for the improvement in taste at the present day.

Another of the happy effects of the Spirit of Sacrifice, and the employment of the best means Art can furnish, is the holy and refining influence thereby exerted on Art herself, and on the individual artist. Is he not likely to have better and holier thoughts while decorating a church, than while decorating a steam-boat or a bar-room, and is not that a gain? This, however, opens at once the wide and noble field of Christian Art, on which the present occasion is not the time to enter.

The subject of Truth we have already slightly alluded to; but our author, not confining himself to the error of imitation of stone, and other substances, shows that the same principle is violated when material or form are distorted to a use inconsistent with their nature. This principle is carried out very fully through all the details of Gothic Architecture, particularly the department of Tracery, so important to its beauty. These remarks are among the most valuable in the book. The decline of Mediæval Architecture is shown to have arisen, not from the cupidity or violence of man, but from its desertion of, and treachery to its own principles. The independence of the author, and the high stand he takes for Art, above all national prejudice, are nobly shown in his condemnation of the Perpendicular or Tudor Gothic,—a late and debased form of Architecture, the finest examples of which are to be found in England, and which have been dwelt on with great pride by all English Architects. The celebrated Henry the Seventh's Chapel is an example of the buildings referred to. The style is so popular in England, and regarded as so national, that it is followed in the New Houses of Parliament, the most costly building erected in England since the Reformation.

By the Lamp of Power is expressed "the sympathy in the forms of noble building, with what is most sublime in natural things." Under this head the management of Size, Height, and Masses are considered. A fault which has arisen from the neglect of this principle, in the celebrated church of the Madeleine at Paris, often struck us in examining that building, as it probably has many of our readers. It is noticed in the following passage:—

#### DEFECT IN THE MADELEINE.

"On the other hand, after a building has once reached the mark of majestic size, it matters, indeed, comparatively little whether its masonry be large or small, but if it be altogether large, it will sometimes diminish the magnitude for want of a measure; if altogether small, it will suggest ideas of poverty in material, or deficiency in mechanical resource, besides interfering in many cases with the lines of the design, and delicacy of the workmanship. A very unhappy instance of such interference exists in the façade of the church of St. Madeleine at Paris, where the columns, being built of very small stones of nearly equal size with visible joints, look as if they were covered with a close trellis."

We quote this example from a well known building, because our author takes most of his examples from towns in the north of Italy, which are usually but hurriedly examined by the traveller. His correctness as regards the one is a voucher for the same virtue in the other less accessible references.

We have proceeded sufficiently far in our analysis of this volume, we think, to show its



great value to those interested in the subject,—a class by no means merely embracing architects, but which should include every man who inhabits a house or worships in a church. Before concluding, however, we wish to call the reader's attention to our author's remarks on a class of Architectural works which, although not very dignified in character, play too important a part in the appearance of our streets, to be passed over. We refer to Shop Fronts:—

## FINERY AND CHEESEMONGERS.

"Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense,—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails: nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even so; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless—utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye, and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things, which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more. Many a pretty beading and graceful bracket there is in wood or stucco above our grocers' and cheesemongers' and hosiers' shops: how is it that the tradesmen cannot understand that custom is to be had only by selling good tea and cheese and cloth, and that people come to them for their honesty, and their readiness, and their right wares, and not because they have Greek cornices over their windows, or their names in large gilt letters on their house fronts? how pleasurable it would be to have the power of going through the streets of London, pulling down those brackets and friezes and large names, restoring to the tradesmen the capital they had spent in architecture, and putting them on honest and equal terms, each with his name in black letters over his door, not shouted down the street from the upper stories, and each with a plain wooden shop casement, with small panes in it that people would not think of breaking in order to be sent to prison! How much better for them would it be—how much happier, how much wiser, to put their trust upon their own truth and industry, and not on the idiocy of their customers. It is curious, and it says little for our national probity on the one hand, or prudence on the other, to see the whole system of our street decoration based on the idea that people must be baited to a shop as moths are to a candle."

Our author's enthusiasm carries him too far in some points. A sign in gold letters need not be in less correct taste than one in black letters, and a sheet of plate glass is a more beautiful object than a casement of small panes, as well as more useful, as admitting more light, and exhibiting wares to greater advantage. Our remark extends merely to windows. With glass fronts occupying the whole width of the ground floor, and exhibiting no sufficient means of support to the wall above, we have no sympathies.

The engravings in the volume are exact facsimiles of the author's designs in the English edition. It would have been well to have copied the design on the cover of that edition, as a reference is made to it in one of the notes to the volume.

## HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

*The Statesman's Manual.* The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1789 to 1849; with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations: also the Constitution of the United States, and a Selection of Important Documents and Statistical Information. Compiled from Official Sources by Edwin Williams. Embellished with Portraits of the Presidents, engraved on steel by Balch. In 4 vols. 8vo. Edward Walker.

THE scope of this work is so fully explained by its title-page, that it leaves little to be said on our part. Its ample promise seems to be fully sustained by the 1942 pages which follow it. The editor states that previous editions of these documents have been "imperfect and incomplete in many respects; particularly in having been taken, in some instances, from incorrect copies, and abounding in typographical errors; also in the omission of numerous important special messages." These defects he has endeavored to remedy by comparison of these copies with the original documents. A selection only of the most important special messages is given.

The Biographical Sketches prefixed to the Messages are brief, but appear to have been carefully prepared. A full Index of the contents of the entire work is given at the end of the fourth volume (an important adjunct too frequently omitted in American publications of this character). The work is well printed, and is well worthy of a place in the libraries of the politician and the historian. It is a creditable indication of the interest taken by our citizens in public affairs, that so elaborate a collection can be issued in a style intended for wide popular circulation.

The Portraits are well engraved, but the superiority of those of the earlier presidents, copied from portraits painted by Stuart and others, to those of the later ones copied from Daguerreotypes, is strikingly apparent. An engraving should never be made from a Daguerreotype when a good portrait of the original is accessible.

Upon the whole the enterprise of Mr. Walker in keeping before the public this repository of the great national documents is every way worthy of credit; as it is an honorable fact to the nation that it offers purchasers in sufficient numbers to sustain so voluminous a work at so low a cost of production. No other nation has the same series of communications passing between the high places of authority and the humblest citizen, by which all in the State become participants in the legislation of the Republic. The counsels of Washington, particularly in his Farewell Message, it is consolatory to learn form part of a household book; and that some portion of them should enter into the wisdom and moderation of the country is inevitable. Recent publications assure us of the growing attention now paid to political studies. Men are no longer to be so readily caught by a few stale watchwords of party; they will examine the reason, the fitness of the proposition with something of a statesman's sagacity. In this search for principles while a philosophical criticism is exhausting the history of the Old World, it is still necessary to turn for precedents to the records of our state which has already become venerable, within the limits of a century. Those lessons are taught which no other narrative can supply. Our annals abound with events which wait only the ana-

lysis and reproduction of the historian to pass for ever into the popular thoughts and studies of the country. Time is rapidly ripening them. One of the finest fields open for investigation to the scholar and thinker is American History, and of that the least cultivated and the surest to reward faithful labors is the political portion.

## FAMILY MEMOIRS.

*Memorial of the late Honorable David S. Jones.* With an Appendix, containing Notices of the Jones Family, of Queens' County. Stanford & Swords.

ONE of the best written American family memorials which has been issued. The style is simple, yet weighty; the matter well chosen, consisting of substantial facts of interest. It is, in general, an excellent model of this species of composition. Though the tendency is to eulogy, and though eulogy would have a satisfactory apology when a son commemorates the virtues of a father, yet this is not overdone on that score, the picture presented bearing strong traits of reality. There is, as characteristic of the old New York society, much deference paid to family and birth. The hit, however, at the authors of America, after the compliment to Hoffman—"that he is what so few American writers can justly boast of being, an accomplished, liberal-minded gentleman"—is unnecessary; and, what is more, unjust. A view of this kind, of authorship as of any other profession, depends upon the stratum taken for observation. As there are quacks in medicine, pettifoggers at the bar, so there are vulgar writers. Though the latter have the power, and generally the impulse to make themselves very conspicuous annoyances, there are vast numbers beyond them who are gentlemen in the best sense of the word—for the true scholar and the man of cultivated imagination are always refined and courteous, in proportion as they are genuine.

This book, besides being of interest to the family and friends of the subject, is a valuable contribution to the local history of the State. It has been prepared with unusual care, and is worthy the reputation of the writer, the acute critic and essayist, William A. Jones, whose authorship of the volume is disclosed in the preface.

## TABLE TALK.

*A Lift for the Lazy.* Putnam.

ONE would hardly think this would be a very attractive title to sell a book by amongst this industrious community; but the author has wisely calculated on his market, the affectation of profundity in books being magnanimously eschewed by our candid population. The title gets rid of the pretence of study and book reading; and it is, besides, not to be quarrelled with this summer weather. It is a chance-medley of fact and anecdote, an allusion to an odd custom, a striking derivation of a word, a verification of an out of the way quotation,—generally such chit-chat as a well read man of society carries about with him for the small change of the dinner table. Part of its contents are original, part selected, and both are mingled indiscriminately, without any acknowledgment; the glancing at a reference occasionally being, in the opinion of the compiler, a departure from the province of his title page, as he says, "more suggestive of a load than a 'lift.'" The credit system might, we think, have had a contrary effect, saving many a dubitation over the possible authenticity of a

passage, the authorship of which would have carried authority with it.

As specimens of these miscellanea, we present a few pickings:—

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

"As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his advertisement. Let cranialogists amuse themselves by manipulating the *outer* skull; give me a peep at his 'three times inside' development, and I will distance them all, with Combe at their head, in arriving at his true character. He will betray himself in his advertisements, as in his cups."

#### ANECDOTE OF SYDNEY SMITH.

"*Quidnunc*, meaning, literally, 'What now?' is another name for newsmonger. Miss Martineau used to tell a pleasant story about one of the class, who, taking advantage of the interest excited among scientific men in relation to the Ross and Back expeditions, was more than usually annoying by his fussy questions. 'Sir David! Sir David!' he called out at the top of his voice, one fine morning in London. Sir David Brewster, who was riding down the street in somewhat of a hurry, drew up his horse, and approached the speaker. 'Any news from the North Pole, Sir David?' 'D—n the North Pole!' was the angry reply of the philosopher, as he hastily pursued his way again, leaving the quidnunc transfixed with amazement. 'What is the matter, Mr. —?' inquired the Reverend Sidney Smith, who came up immediately after the occurrence. The unfortunate man told his story, and dilated upon the style of the answer he had received—so unbecoming in a man of his standing—so abrupt, not to say profane. D—n the North Pole!"

"Poh, poh! my dear sir," said his comforter, 'you must not mind all that Sir David says. He is a singular man. You would scarcely believe it, but I assure you it is only a few evenings ago that I heard him, before a large company, speak in the most disrespectful terms of the Equator!'"

#### DERIVATIONS.

"*Krank*.—This term, when applied to a vessel, is from the German *krank*, sick.

"*Havoc*, from the Anglo-Saxon *havoc*, a hawk.

"*Mary-bones*.—*Marie*, as used by Sir Thomas More, in *Marie-bones* ('then down he fell upon his marie-bones'), is supposed to be *Mary*, the name of the Virgin, and the compound to be applied to the knees, from the genuflexions made to her.

"*Frankincense*.—So called, from its liberal distribution of odor."

#### LITERARY BLUNDERS.

"Johnson, while composing his dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine, to inquire the etymology of the word *curmudgeon*. Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer—'Curmudgeon, a vicious way of pronouncing *caur méchant*. An unknown correspondent.' Ash copied the word into his dictionary, in this manner: 'Curmudgeon, from the French *caur*, unknown; and *méchant*, a correspondent.'

"Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, informs us that its story was taken from Cinthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5—that is, *Decade 8, Novel 5*. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare, puts the words in full length thus, December 8, November 5.

"In a catalogue compiled some years ago by a French writer of 'Works on Natural History,' he has inserted Edgeworth's 'Essay on Irish Bulls.'"

*America and the Americans*. By the late Achille Murat, Citizen of the United States; Honorary Colonel in the Belgian Army, and *ci-devant* Prince-Royal of the Two Sicilies. Translated from the French. New York: William H. Graham. 1849.

The translator of M. Achille Murat's notes

on America throws this book as a sort of chip on the wave of the present Napoleon ascendancy in Europe; the author having been a member of the Bonaparte family—the son of Murat. This circumstance may give interest to the work, which is the narrative of a residence of some years in the United States, and of the impressions produced on the mind of an educated and intelligent foreigner, whose position in life, previous to his exile to this country, gave him opportunities and advantages of no ordinary degree, for the study of the Continental systems of government, and thus enabled him to form a more correct estimate of our own. The work is dedicated by the translator to the King of Belgium, with an elaborate eulogy on the liberality and enlightened opinions of that monarch.

#### FASTIDIOUSNESS.

(From a keen Analysis of Society in a paper by Mrs. KIRKLAND, in the last number of Sartain's Union Magazine.)

#### WHAT IS IT?

In the plainest prose, what is fastidiousness?

Stern old Johnson, who confessed that it was difficult for him to pity the choice sorrows of a fine lady, says, to be fastidious is to be "insolently nice—delicate to a vice—squeamish—disdainful." Do these seem amiable adjectives? Impertinent dictionary-maker! Unaccommodating, obdurate Saxon tongue! Is there no unique name for that fine essence—that impalpable *sine qua non*—which is the life and soul of the genteel? No! none but itself can be its parallel. Let us then not seek to define but to examine it.

Personal fastidiousness is said to be the characteristic of a condition of high refinement. If refinement were a matter of physics, this might be admitted. The Israelitish ladies "could not set the sole of their foot to the ground for delicacies and tenderness," but were they, therefore, refined women? There is even an implication of impiety in the scriptural notice of them. Poppæa must have a bath of asses' milk; somebody of old wept because a rose-leaf was doubled under him. Not to go beyond our own day and sphere for instances, we have ourselves known a gentleman who would not sign his name until he had put on his gloves, lest by any accident his fingers should incur the contamination of ink, and a lady who objected to joining in the communion, because the idea of drinking after other people was so disgusting! Shall we then reckon among the marks of true refinement a quality which is compatible with ignorance, with vice, with inanity, vanity, and irreligion?

#### ILLUSTRATED BY A STORY.

Hans Christian Andersen has given us one of his shrewd little stories in point.

There was once a prince of great honor and renown who wished to marry a real princess. Many persons calling themselves princesses had been offered for this dignity, but there was always something about the ladies which made him doubtful of their claim to the title. So not being able to satisfy his fastidiousness on this point, he remained for a long time undecided.

One night during a tremendous storm, a young lady came to the door and requested admittance, saying that she was a real princess. She was in a most pitiable condition—dragged from head to foot, with the rain pouring in torrents from her dishevelled locks, she looked forlorn enough for a beggar. But the prince would not prejudice her; he invited her to spend the night, and in the meantime his mother devised a plan by which to ascertain

whether her pretensions were genuine. On the place where the princess was to sleep she put three small peas, and on the top of them twenty mattresses, covering these again with twenty feather beds. Upon this luxurious couch the supposed princess retired to rest, and in the morning she was asked how she had passed the night.

"Oh, most wretchedly!" she replied; "there was something hard in my bed which distressed me extremely, and has bruised me all over black and blue!"

Then they knew that her pretensions were not false, for none but a real princess could have possessed sufficient delicacy of perception to feel the three little peas under twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A HOME TYRANT.

Fastidiousness is a dreadful weapon of domestic tyranny. Many a household can tell the grinding power of a selfishness which disguises itself under the form of delicacy of tastes and habits. Many are the tears of vexation, anxiety, mortification and disappointment, occasioned by the unfeeling temper and inconsiderate exactions which are the legitimate fruit of undue attention to personal comfort. One must be little observant of what is about him if he have not sometimes been driven by the ingenious requisitions of the self-indulgent, to wish that the hair-shirt, the pulse-and-water, and the flinty bed of the anchorite could be tried for the reformation of such. Providence seems often to discipline these people by increasing the sensitiveness they have voluntarily induced or cherished, until it becomes a tormenting want which nothing in nature is capable of allaying. They are crushed by the gods their own hands have set up.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### COARSENESS OF NICE PEOPLE.

Like other things spurious, fastidiousness is often inconsistent with itself; the coarsest things are done, the cruellest things said by the most fastidious people. Horace Walpole was a proverb of epicurean particularity of taste, yet none of the vulgarities whom he vilified had a keener relish for a coarse allusion or a malicious falsehood. Beckford, of Fonthill, demanded that life should be thrice winnowed for his use, but what was his life? Louis XIV. was "insolently nice" in some things, what was he in others? If we observe a person proud of a reputation for fastidiousness, we shall always find that the egotism which is its life will at times lead him to say or do something disgusting. We need expect from such people no delicate, silent self-sacrifice, no tender watching for others' tastes or needs, no graceful yielding up of privileges in unconsidered trifles, on which wait no "flowing thanks." They may be kind and obliging to a certain extent, but when the service required involves anything disagreeable, anything offensive to the taste on which they pride themselves, we must apply elsewhere. Their fineness of nature sifts common duties, selecting for practice only those which will pass the test; and conscience is not hurt, for unsuspected pride has given her a bribe.

#### A FOMENTER OF DULNESS.

One of the fruits of misplaced fastidiousness is the utter and intolerable tameness which it induces in society. We ask for truth and nature in poetry and painting, and find nothing so charming as flashes of natural genius in literature; but in society everything is crushed to a dead level, and by what? By



a tyrannical something which claims to be good taste, but which is in truth anything else. This resolute frowning down or freezing up of whatever is spontaneous is not the operation of good taste, but the cunning artifice of dull people, who, having secured certain physical advantages, use them for the purpose of repressing in others whatever might threaten to disturb their empire. It seems strange at first view that this should have been practicable, and the reason why it is so is rather a mortifying one. The power of wealth, even of wealth in which we have no interest, is overwhelming. It has ever been so since the world began; whoever becomes the envied possessor of a few extra thousands, has a more obvious power on the surface of society than the man of genius or learning can possibly have, and if he would live in society he must submit to take the tone which has been given to it by such people. We need not then wonder that persons of high intellectual pretensions so often decline society. It suits not the free mind, which finds its best pleasure in the exercise of its highest powers, to spend its precious hours and energies where every emotion of the soul must be suppressed, and every independent thought is voted "bad taste," if it do not happen to chime in with the tone of the circle. If we would give our social intercourse the charm whose absence we so often regret, we must learn to distinguish between true delicacy and justness of taste,—a quality referable to principles and not amenable to fantasy,—and that fickle tyrant fastidiousness, which claims despotic power, and wields its sceptre so capriciously that we may as well ask a fool to "render a reason."

### Chips from the Library;

A MISCELLANY OF  
FACTS, FANCY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

#### Elegies

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time  
Sparkle for ever.

TENNYSON'S *Princess*.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

Sing aloud, His praise rehearse  
Who hath made the Universe.  
He the boundless Heavens has spread,  
All the vital orbs has kned;  
He that on Olympus high  
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,  
And this eye has multiplied  
Midst each flock for to reside.  
Thus as round about they stray  
Toucheth each with outstretch'd ray,  
Nimble they hold on their way,  
Shaping out their Night and Day.  
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,  
Their inclined axes bring.  
Never slack they; none respire,  
Dancing round their central fires.  
In due order as they move  
Echo's sweet be gently drove  
Through Heaven's vast hollowness  
Which unto all corners press:  
Music that the heart of Jove  
Moves to joy and sportful love;  
Fills the listening sailors' ears,  
Riding on the wand'ring spheres,  
Neither speech nor language is  
Where their voice is not transmiss.  
God is good, is wise, is strong,  
Witness all the creature throng,  
Is confess'd by every tongue  
All things back from whence they sprung,  
As the thankful rivers pay  
What they borrowed of the sea.  
Now myself I do resign,  
Take me whole, I all am thine.  
Save me, God! from self-desire,

Death's pit, dark Hell's raging fire,  
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire,  
Let not lust my soul benigne.

Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,  
Loudly sweep the trembling string.  
Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons!  
Free'd from vain religions.  
Lo! from far I you salute,  
Sweetly warbling on my lute,  
India, Egypt, Arabie,  
Asia, Greece, and Tartarie,  
Carmel-tracts, and Lebanon  
With the Mountains of the Moon,  
From whence muddy Nile doth run  
Or where ever else you wonne;  
Breathing in one vital air,  
One we are though distant far.  
Rise at once, let's sacrifice,  
Odours sweet perfume the skies.  
See how heavenly lightning fires  
Hearts inflam'd with "high" aspires!  
All the substance of our souls  
Up in clouds of incense rolls.  
Leave we nothing to our selves  
Save a voice, what need we else!  
Or an hand to wear and tire  
On the thankful lute or lyre.  
Sing aloud, His praise rehearse,  
Who hath made the Universe.

HENRY MORE, 1647.

#### THE LITERARY UNIVERSALIST.

A universalist, in one high bibliographical respect, may be said to be the only true reader; for he is the only reader on whom no writing is lost. Too many people approve no books but such as are representatives of some opinion or passion of their own. They read not to have human nature reflected on them, and so be taught to know and to love everything; but to be reflected themselves, as in a socket mirror, and so interchange admiring looks with their own narrow cast of countenance. The universalist alone puts up with difference of opinion, by reason of his own very difference; because his difference is a right claimed by him in the spirit of universal allowance, and not a privilege arrogated by conceit. He loves poetry and prose, fiction and matter of fact, seriousness and mirth, because he is a thorough human being, and contains portions of all the faculties to which they appeal. A man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry, is but half a man. The lachrymal or the risible organs are wanting in him. He has no business to have eyes and muscles like other men. The universalist alone can put up with him, by reason of the very sympathy of his antipathy. He understands the defect enough to pity while he dislikes it. The universalist is the only reader who can make something out of books for which he has no predilection. He sees differences in them to sharpen his reasoning; nay, languages, which, if they do nothing else, amuse his eye and set him thinking on other countries. He will detect old acquaintances in Arabic numerals, and puzzle over a sum or problem, if only to try and taste the curiosity of it. He is the only man (except a soldier or a gardener) to whom an army list or an almanac would not be thoroughly disgusting on a rainy day in a country ale-house, when nothing else readable is at hand, and the coach has gone "just ten minutes."—*Leigh Hunt's Book for a Corner*.

#### CRITICAL PRAISE.

"Be more sparing of your praise; above all, of its highest terms. We should have a sense of mental as well as moral honor, which, while it makes us feel the baseness of attaining hasty and ignorant censure, will also forbid the hasty and extravagant praise, by which we

cannot abide. A man of honor wishes to utter no word by which he cannot abide. The offices of poet, of hero-worship are sacred, and he who has a heart to appreciate the excellent, should call nothing excellent which falls short of being so. Leave yourself some incense worthy of the best; do not lavish it on the merely good. It is better to be too cool than extravagant in praise; and though mediocrity may be elated, if it can draw to itself undue honors, true greatness shrinks from the least exaggeration of its claims. The truly great are too well aware how difficult is the attainment of excellence, what labors and sacrifices it requires, even from genius, either to flatter themselves as to their works, or be other than grieved at idolatry from others."—*Miss S. Margaret Fuller*.

#### MORAL PARALLAX.

There is one thing that people hardly ever remember, or, indeed, have imagination enough to conceive; namely, the effect of each man being shut up in his individuality. Take a long course of sayings and doings in which many persons have been engaged. Each one of them is in his own mind the centre of the web, though, perhaps, he is at the edge of it. We know that in our observations of the things of sense, any difference in the points from which the observation is taken, gives a different view of the same thing. Moreover, in the world of sense, the objects and the points of view are each indifferent to the rest; but in life the points of view are centres of action that have had something to do with the making of the things looked at. If we could calculate the moral parallax arising from these causes, we should see, by the mere aid of the intellect, how unjust we often are in our complaints of ingratitude, inconstancy, and neglect. But without these nice calculations, such errors of view may be corrected at once by humility, a more sure method than the most enlightened appreciation of the cause of error. Humility is the true cure for many a needless heart-ache.

It must not be supposed that in thus opposing unreasonable views of social affections, anything is done to dis sever such affections. The Duke of Wellington writing to a man in a dubious position of authority, says, "The less you claim, the more you will have." This is remarkably true of the affections; and there is scarcely anything that would make men happier than teaching them to watch against unreasonableness in their claims of regard and affection; and which at the same time would be more likely to insure their getting what may be their due.—*Friends in Council*.

#### CANNING FLOORING AN IMPERTINENT.

Before dinner, Lord — called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French—all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war; of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little; and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge, and the preservation of life in Genesis, and the Paradise Lost, and the ludi-

crous effect produced by Drayton's description in his Noah's flood:—

"And now the beasts are walking from the wood,  
As well of fawn, as that chew the cud.  
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,  
And to the ark leads down the lioness;  
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,  
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow," &c.

Hereupon Lord — resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the fore-ground. "Ah! no doubt, my Lord," said Canning, "your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.—COLERIDGE'S *Table Talk*.

"A CALENDAR OF STRAWS."

We are not only pleased, but turned by a feather. The history of a man is a calendar of straws. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his brilliant way, Antony might have kept the world. The Mohammedans have a tradition that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave. The shadows of leaves in water, then, are to me so many lessons of life. I call to mind Demosthenes, rushing from the Athenian assembly, burning with shame, and in the moment of degradation encountered by Satyrus. It was the apparition of his good spirit, and changed his fortune. The hisses of his countrymen melted into distance. He learns the art of elocution; and when he next ascended the *bema* his lip was roughened by no grit of the pebble. Again, Socrates meeting Xenophon in a narrow gateway, stopped him, by extending his stick across the path, and inquiring "How a man might attain to virtue and honor?" Xenophon could not answer, and the philosopher, bidding him follow, became thenceforward his master in ethics. These incidents were shadows of leaves on the stream; but they conducted Demosthenes into the temple of eloquence, and placed Xenophon by the side of Livy. We have pleasing examples nearer home. Evelyn, sauntering along a meadow near Says Court, loitered to look in at the window of a lonely thatched house, where a young man was carving a cartoon of Tintoret. He requested permission to enter, and soon recommended the artist to King Charles the Second. From that day the name of Gibbons belonged to his country. Gibbon walks by night among the ruins of Roman grandeur, and conceives his prose epic; Thorwaldsen sees a boy sitting on the steps of a house, and goes home to model Mercury. Opie bends over the shoulder of a companion drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter; Giotto sketches a sheep on a stone, which attracts the notice of Cimabue passing by that way; and the rude shepherd-boy is immortalized by Dante. Milton retires to Chalfont; and that refuge from the plague gives to us *Paradise Regained*. Lady Austin points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the *Task*. A dispute about a music-desk awakens the humor of the *Lutrin*; and an apothecary's quarrel produces the *Dispensary*. The Chancellor's installation was approaching, and Gray had promised to compose the ode; but he could not think of a beginning. A friend calls at his rooms, and is received with the startling salutation,

"Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground."

The visitor is alarmed; but the poem is commenced. That slight circumstance, a knock at the door, was the key to a splendid chamber

of imagery.—WILLMOTT'S *Journal of a Summer in the Country*.

LOVE—SKETCHED BY A MAIDEN.

MAUD.—Love begins sooner even than with sisters;  
It has its cradle in the mother's hope  
Long ere we see the light; her heart becomes  
The shrine from which unconscious blessings fall;  
Her loving face the Heaven to which our prayers  
Are silently addressed (and oh! foretaste  
Of Love's celestial nature), ever heard  
And granted with a smile! The father, then,  
Dawns on the infant heart; by slow degrees  
The sweet variety of household ties  
Make their abode in the delighted soul  
In order due; the throne still vacant kept  
In full expectation of that crowning day  
When some predestined spirit gathers up  
Into one offering its scattered wealth,  
And gives all as a tribute gladly paid.

POWELL'S *Shepherd's Well*.

### Passages from Works in Press.

#### THE SEA SERPENT A SHARK.

BY SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.R.S.  
(Concluded from the last number.)

THE doubts, however, which since my return from the United States, I have been led to entertain respecting the distinct and independent existence of the sea serpent, arise from a strong suspicion that it is a known species of sea animal which has actually been cast ashore in the Orkneys, and that some of its bones are now preserved in our museums, showing it to be of the squaline family, and no stranger to some of the zoologists whom it has perplexed, nor to many of the seafaring people whom it has frightened. In the summer of the year 1808, the fishermen of the Hebrides were terrified by a monster of huge size and unusual appearance, which created a great sensation in Scotland. Three or four months after this apparition, the body of an enormous sea monster was washed ashore (Sept. 1808) on the outer reefs at Rothesholm Head in Stronsa, one of the Orkneys, where it was first observed while still entire, and its length measured by two persons; after which, when somewhat decayed, it was swept in by another storm, and stranded on the beach, and there examined by others. Mr. Neill, well known as a naturalist, who had been on a visit to Stronsa the same year, but had left before this occurrence, immediately corresponded with friends on the spot, among others with Mr. Laing, the historian, and with a lawyer and physician, who collected evidence for him. Their affidavits, taken in 1808, respecting the monster, were published in the Transactions of the Wernerian Society, of which Mr. Neill was secretary, and were accompanied by a drawing of the skeleton, obviously ideal and very incorrect, with six legs and a long tail curving several times vertically. The man who sketched it reached the spot too late, and when scarcely any part of the animal remained entire; and the outline is admitted to have been taken by him and altered from a figure chalked out upon a table by another man who had seen it, while one witness denied its resemblance to what he had seen. But a carpenter, whose veracity, I am informed by Mr. Neill (in a letter dated 1848), may be trusted, had measured the carcass, when still whole, with his foot-rule, and found it to be fifty-five feet long, while a person who also measured it when entire, said it was nine fathoms long. The bristles of the mane, each fourteen inches in length, and described as having been luminous in the dark, were no doubt portions of a dorsal fin in a state of de-

composition. One said that this mane extended from the shoulders to within two feet and a half of the tail, another that it reached to the tail: a variance which may entitle us to call in question the alleged continuity of the mane down the whole back. So strong was the propensity in Scotland to believe that the Stronsa animal was the sea serpent of the Norwegians, that Mr. Neill himself, after drawing up for the Wernerian Society his description of it from the different accounts communicated to him, called it *Halsydus Pontoppidani*.

Parts of the cranium, scapular arch, fin, and vertebral column were sent to Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh, who had at that time the finest museum of comparative anatomy north of the Tweed, and he conceived them to belong to a new and entirely unknown monster.

If the imagination of good zoologists could be so preoccupied as to cause them at once to jump to the conclusion that the Stronsa animal and the Norwegian sea serpent were one and the same, we cannot be surprised that the public in general placed the most implicit faith in that idea. That they did so, is proved by a passage recently published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, where the poet writes thus, in a letter dated February 13th, 1809:—

"Of real life let me see what I have heard for the last fortnight: first, a snake—my friend Telford received a drawing of it—has been found thrown on the Orkney Isles; a sea snake with a mane like a horse, four feet thick, and fifty-five feet long. This is seriously true. Malcolm Laing, the historian, saw it, and sent a drawing of it to my friend."\*

Now here we see the great inaccuracy of what may be styled contemporaneous testimony of a highly educated man, who had no motive or disposition to misrepresent facts. From the Wernerian Transactions and Mr. Neill's letter, I learn distinctly that Malcolm Laing never went to the shore of Stronsa to see the monster.

Fortunately, several of the vertebræ were forwarded, in 1809, to Sir Everard Home, in London, who at once pronounced them to belong to the *Squalus maximus*, or common basking shark. Figures of other portions sent to Edinburgh to Dr. Barclay, were also published by him in the Wernerian Transactions, and agree very well with Home's decision; although it is clear, from Barclay's Memoir, that he was very angry with the English anatomist for setting him right, and declaring it to be a shark. It was indeed very difficult to believe on any but the most convincing evidence that a carcass which was fifty-five feet long could be referable to a species, the largest known individual of which has never exceeded thirty-five or forty feet. But there seems no escape from Home's verdict; for the vertebræ are still in the College of Surgeons, where I have seen them, quite entire, and so identical with those of the *Squalus maximus*, that Mr. Owen is unwilling to imagine they can belong to any other species of the same genus.

Mr. Neill tells me in his letter, that the basking shark is by no means uncommon in the Orkneys, where it is called the hockmar, and a large one was killed in Stromness Harbor in 1804, when he was there; yet it was agreed by all with whom he spoke in 1808, that the Stronsa animal was double the length of the largest hockmar ever stranded in their times in Orkney.

Unfortunately, no one observed the habits

\* Campbell's *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 169, 170.



and motions of the monster before it was cast ashore: but the Rev. Donald Maclean, of Small Isles in the Hebrides, was requested to draw up a statement of what he recollected of the creature which had so much alarmed the fishermen in the summer of the same year. Before he penned his letter, which was printed as an appendix to Barclay's Memoir in 1809,\* he had clearly been questioned by persons who were under the full persuasion that what he had seen, and the Stronsa animal, were identical with Pontoppidan's sea serpent. Maclean informs us, that it was about the month of June, 1808, when the huge creature in question, which looked at a distance like a small rock in the sea, gave chase to his boat, and he saw it first from the boat, and afterwards from the land.

Its head was broad, of a form somewhat oval; its neck rather smaller. It moved by undulations up and down. When the head was above water, its motion was not so quick; when most elevated, it appeared to take a view of distant objects. It directed its "monstrous head," which still continued above water, towards the boat, and then plunged violently under water in pursuit of them. Afterwards, when he saw it from the shore, "it moved off with its head above water for about half a mile before he lost sight of it. Its length he believed to be from seventy to eighty feet." "About the same time the crews of thirteen fishing boats, off the island of Canna, were terrified by this monster; and the crew of one boat saw it coming towards them, between Rum and Canna, with its head high above water."†

Mr. Maclean adds, evidently in answer to a question put by his correspondent, that he saw nothing of the mane; and adds, "when nearest to me it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water, I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any." And he also observes; "It had no fin that I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulations up and down." Most of my readers are probably satisfied by this time, that if nothing had come down to us but oral testimony, or even published accounts without figures respecting the creature seen in the Hebrides in 1808, as well as that afterwards stranded in Orkney, we should all of us have felt sure that both of them were one and the same monster, and no other than the sea snake of Pontoppidan, or that so often seen on the eastern coast of North America. How much delusion in this case has been dispelled by the preservation of a few bones! May we not then presume that other sea serpents were also sharks? If so, how are we to reconcile recorded appearances with this hypothesis? It was justly remarked by Dr. Fleming, in his *British Animals*, 1828 (p. 174), that Maclean's account of a creature, which raised its head above the water and viewed distant objects, was opposed to the idea of its being referable to the class of cartilaginous fishes, for no shark lifts its head out of the sea as it swims. I may also remark, that the descriptions commonly given, both by the Norwegians and North Americans, would agree better with the appearance of a large seal with a mane, chased by a shoal of porpoises, than with a shark.

But when we question the evidence more closely, we must make great allowance for the incompetence of observers wholly ignorant of zoology. In the first place, we must dismiss from our minds the image of a shark as it ap-

pears when out of the water, or as stuffed in a museum. Of the *Squalus maximus*, when immersed, but swimming near the surface, three points only could be seen above water at the same time, namely, the prominence of the back, with the first dorsal fin; secondly, the second dorsal fin; and thirdly, the upper lobe of the tail.

Dr. Melville informed me that he once saw a large species of shark, swimming at the rate of ten miles an hour, in Torres Strait, off Australia; and, besides the lateral flexures of the tail, which are the principal propelling power, the creature described as it advanced a series of vertical undulations, not by the actual bending of the body itself, but by the whole animal first rising near to the surface and then dipping down again, so that the dorsal fin and part of the back were occasionally lifted up to a considerable height. Now it strikes me, that if a very huge shark was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, as stated by some of the observers, that portion of the back which emerged in front might easily be taken for the head, and the dorsal fin behind it for the mane; and in this manner we may explain the three projecting points, given in the drawing, sketched from memory, by Mr. Barry of Nova Scotia. The smaller undulations seen by the same person, intervening between the three larger, may very well be referred to a series of waves raised in the water by a rapid passage through it of so bulky a body. Indeed, some of the drawings which I have seen of the northern sea snake, agree perfectly with the idea of the projecting back of a shark followed by a succession of waves, diminishing in size as they recede from the dorsal prominence.

The parts before mentioned as alone visible above water would form so small a portion of the whole body, that they might easily convey the notion of narrowness as compared to great length; and the assertion of a few witnesses that the dorsal projections were pointed, may have arisen from their having taken a more accurate look at the shape of the fins, and distinguished them better from the intervening waves of the sea. But, according to this view, the large eyes seen in the "blunt head" by several observers, must have been imaginary, unless in cases where they may have really been looking at a seal. It can hardly be doubted that some good marksmen, both in Norway and New England, who fired at the animal, sent bullets into what they took to be the head; and the fact that the wound seems never to have produced serious injury, although in one case blood flowed freely, accords perfectly with the hypothesis that they were firing at the dorsal prominence, and not at the head of a shark. The opinion of most of the observers that the undulations were coincident with the rapid movements of the creature, agrees well with our theory, which refers the greater number of the projections to waves of the sea. On the other hand, as several of the protuberances are real, consisting of three fins and a part of the back, the emergence of these parts may explain what other witnesses beheld. Dr. Melville has suggested to me, that if the speed were as great as stated, and the progressive movement such as he has described, the three fins would be first submerged, and then re-emerge in such rapid succession, that the image of one set would be retained on the retina of the eye after another set had become visible, and they might be counted over and over again, and multiplied indefinitely. Although I think this explanation unnecessary in most cases, such a confusion of the images seems very possible, when we recollect that

the fins would be always mingled with waves of the sea, which are said, in the Norwegian accounts of 1845, to have been so great that they broke on the coast in calm weather, when the serpent swam by, as if a steamer at full speed was passing near the shore.

I conclude, therefore, that the sea serpent of North America and the German Ocean is a shark, probably the *Squalus maximus*, a species which seems, from the measurements taken in Orkney in 1808, to attain sometimes, when old, a much larger size than had ever been previously imagined. It may be objected that this opinion is directly opposed to a great body of evidence which has been accumulating for nearly a century, derived partly from experienced sea-faring men, and partly from observers on the land, some of whom were of the educated class. I answer that most of them caught glimpses only of the creature when in rapid motion and in its own element, four-fifths or more of the body being submerged; and when, at length, the whole carcass of a monster mistaken for a sea snake was stranded, touched, and measured, and parts of it sent to the ablest anatomists and zoologists in Scotland, we narrowly escaped having transmitted to us, without power of refutation, a tale as marvellous and fabulous concerning its form and nature, as was ever charged against Pontoppidan by the most sceptical of his critics.\*

#### GOSSIP OF GORE HOUSE.

[From an entertaining article attributed to HENRY WILKINSON, in the London New Monthly Magazine.]

BECKFORD AND WALPOLE.

"WALPOLE" (whom the writer met at the sale of Strawberry Hill), "disliked me as a younger and rival collector. If"—and the old man churned his words spitefully, a light foam settling from time to time on his lips as he rapidly went on—"if he could see me here now, fixing on the things I mean to buy, he would even wish himself back again. Horace Walpole's taste," he added, with vehemence, "was bad. He was an *offalist*."

BECKFORD'S PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHARLES V.

We were examining a portfolio of rare prints together, and came to a portrait of the recluse of St. Just, engraved, however, from a picture when he still wore the diadems of Germany and Spain. After commenting on his character in terms of praise, perhaps on account of his having exhausted his ambition, or for his contempt of the nothingness of fame, he suddenly said—

"This is a very good likeness. I can say so, for I have seen him."

\* After the above was written, a letter appeared in the English newspapers, by Captain M'Quhrie, R.N., of the *Dedalus* frigate, dated Oct. 7, 1848, giving an account of "the sea serpent" seen by him, Aug. 6, 1848, lat. 24° 44' S. between the Cape and St. Helena, about 300 miles distant from the western coast of Africa; the length estimated at sixty feet, head held four feet above water, with something like the mane of a horse on its back, which was straight and inflexible. Professor Owen has declared his opinion, after seeing the drawing of the animal, sent to the admiralty by Captain M'Quhrie, "that it may have been the largest of the seal tribe, the sea-elephant of the southern whalers, *Phoca proboscidea*, which sometimes attains a length of thirty feet, and individuals of which have been known to have been floated by icebergs towards the Cape. This species has coarse hair on the upper part of its inflexible trunk which might appear like a mane. The chief impelling force would be the deeply immersed terminal fins and tail, which would create a long eddy, readily mistakable for an indefinite prolongation of the body."

Mr. Owen's conjecture appears to me very probable; but, before I heard it, I had made up my mind that the creature seen by Captain M'Quhrie differed from the sea serpent of the Norwegians and New Englanders, from whose description it varies materially, especially in the absence, when at full speed, of apparent undulations, or dorsal prominences.

\* Wern. Trans. vol. i. p. 444.

† Wern. Trans. Edinburgh, vol. i. p. 444.

"I know, sir, you have seen a great deal more than most people," I replied, smiling; "but Charles V. has been dead nearly 300 years."

"Very true," returned Mr. Beckford, "but, for all that, I have seen him."

He said this so positively, that I stared with astonishment, beginning to ask myself if I had got into company with the Wandering Jew.

"When I was first in Spain," pursued he, "although my visit was ostensibly for my own amusement, I had been charged by the Queen of Portugal with certain matters of importance to the court of Spain, and more facilities were given me for seeing whatever I pleased than any foreigner had enjoyed before. I had only to express a wish, and it was immediately gratified. When I went to the Escorial, I said that I should like to see the body of Charles V. as he lay embalmed in his coffin. The tomb was consequently opened, and I saw his face as distinctly as I see yours now, as plainly as this engraving shows it. There's only one difference—the mouth had slightly fallen in, but the rest of the features were as prominent as in his lifetime. I shall never forget them."

#### TWO WEDDINGS.

"You would have sympathized," said Mr. A—F— [Albany Fonblanque], addressing me across the table, "with a lady of my acquaintance, whose marriage took place under circumstances rather disagreeable to a sensitive person. One of the Indian chiefs who were lately exhibiting, at Exeter or the Egyptian Hall, I forget which, prevailed upon an English girl to become his wife, and they were married at St. Martin's, the parish church in which my friend lived. Her wedding, unluckily, had been fixed for the same day; and to make the matter worse, it was Easter Monday, so that when her party got into the church the crowd they found there, assembled to see the Indian sacrifice, was tremendous; and they had to wait till their turn came. This would not have signified so much, but as the Chippeway warrior did not appear at the altar in his war-paint, with tomahawk and necklace of bears' claws, but was dressed like a respectable London mechanic, half the people present didn't know which was which; and when the Earl of — left the church with his bride, they were followed by the roaring mob, hurraing and shouting all the way to Spring Gardens; they didn't disperse, either, till they were assured that the Swift Eagle and his squaw had embarked in the penny steamer at Hungerford Stairs to spend the honeymoon in Ratcliffe-Highway. My friends had a narrow escape of the marrowbones and cleavers."

"A strange kind of marriage took place the other day," said Dr. Q—, "where I was present. It was the wedding of one of the daughters of Lord E—. He was dying at the time, but would have the ceremony performed in his own drawing-room. He sat propped up in a chair, unable to speak; and the newly-married couple and all the guests filed past him and left him alone, at his own desire—expressed by signs—to die. His death actually took place a few hours afterwards. A marriage contracted under such circumstances ought, in compensation, to turn out a happy one."

#### MADAME JACOTOT.

I have always been fond of porcelain paintings, though I do not quite agree with Madame Jacotot, who once showed me in Paris a very valuable collection of miniatures which she had been commissioned to execute for Charles X.; and after dilating on their merits, *more Gallico*, summed up by saying that that style of art

was imperishable. "A moins qu'on ne le casse pas," was my reply; on which Madame Jacotot shut down the lid of her casket and wished me good morning.

#### THE COUCH OF JOSEPHINE.

In the *adyta penetralia* of the mansion—the dressing-room and bedroom of Lady Blessington—amidst crowds of costly and beautiful objects, there was one that was interesting from the associations which surrounded it. At the further extremity of the inner apartment the eye was attracted to a superb bedstead, which reflected the rich blue satin hangings and fine muslin curtains with which it was decorated, in a large pier glass let into the wall behind it. The bedstead itself, of white and gold, was richly carved; but it owed its chief value to the fact of its having once belonged to Josephine Beauharnais. Under that canopy the disrowned empress, and repudiated wife, had sighed through many a sleepless night, mourning the loss of him whom love had been unable to bind; and haply foreseeing with prophetic eye the bitter future reserved to avenge her for his misplaced ambition. An upholsterer carried off this bedstead—figuratively—for something short of £20.

#### THE LATE HARMANUS BLEECKER.

THE death of the Honorable HARMANUS BLEECKER is announced at Albany. He had reached the three-score and ten of human life, and his departure was not unexpected. The *Post* thus notices the leading incidents of his career:—

"Mr. Bleecker was a descendant of the celebrated John Jansen Bleecker, the ancestor of the Bleeckers in this State, and was the son of Jacob Bleecker, a merchant of Albany, one of its best and most esteemed citizens. After receiving a classical education, Mr. Bleecker entered the law office of John V. Henry, Esq., and was admitted to practice at the bar of this State in 1801, in the twenty-second year of his age. He subsequently entered into a professional partnership with Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., brother of the late Henry and Robert Sedgwick, which connexion endured for many years, and proved honorable and lucrative to both. Mr. Bleecker was elected to Congress in 1810, from the city of Albany, during which period he acted with the old federal party, and was one of those who opposed the last war with England. He was offered the post of Adjutant General, by Governor Clinton, to whom he had been actively opposed for many previous years. He declined the office, but appreciated the magnanimity which dictated the proposal. On the accession of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency, Mr. Bleecker was sent to the Hague as the American Minister, where he made an impression which will not be effaced in our generation. During his residence at the Hague, he married a lady of the country, whose beauty and accomplishments have made her a conspicuous ornament of the circles in which she moves, and with whom he has once visited Holland since the close of his mission. Mr. Bleecker spoke and wrote the Dutch language with perfect purity and elegance, which, united to his engaging manners and irresistible dignity, procured for him, on his retirement from that mission, an official expression of regret at his departure from the Dutch government, a compliment the more flattering, as it is almost without a precedent. Mr. Bleecker was one of the most cultivated gentlemen in the State, and was distinguished in whatever circle he moved, for the simple and finished dignity of his manners. His uncompromising sense of justice was proverbial, and made him the frequent and final arbiter of manifold disputes and differences among his acquaintances. He was possessed of a moderate fortune, which enabled him to consult his tastes in the occupation of his time during the latter years of his life, a privilege of which he availed himself wisely."

To this we must add our personal testimony to the sincere kindness of the man, his love of justice, the activity, independence, and exactness of his mental habits. He was a true republican, a man of equal force and simplicity of character. Should his journal of European travel see the light, it will bear witness to the carefulness and fidelity of his observations of society. His letters, too, are doubtless eminently worthy of preservation. His friendships were with some of the best men of his day, from the survivors of whom some worthy memorial of the man is justly due to his country.

#### Publishers' Circular.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—"Aphorisms" received, with thanks, and shall appear immediately.—We have received the forcible address of the Rev. Dr. Cummings, and shall present some of its points to our readers.

□ New Subscribers may be supplied with the numbers of the present volume from the commencement. A new volume was begun on the 7th July. A few sets of the Literary World on hand from the first number, complete.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RUDOLPH GARRIGUE has issued a specimen number of the "Iconographic Encyclopædia of Science, Literature, and Art," edited by Spencer F. Baird, Professor of Natural Science in Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. It is to be illustrated by 500 steel engravings. We speak advisedly when we call the attention of the trade to this as a work novel in its character, of striking interest, great beauty in the illustrations, and of decided practical value and importance. It is an adaptation of a German work, which has been received with great favor. We may describe it as a pictorial encyclopædia carried to a perfection which unites popular effect with scientific accuracy in the best sense of the terms.

MESSRS. HARPER have now ready LYELL'S Second American Tour, and the second volume of Mr. Hildreth's valuable American History, which increases in interest as it enters upon less cultivated ground.

MESSRS. APPLETON have issued Hearts and Homes; or Social Distinction. A story. By Mrs. Ellis. To be completed in two parts. The first edition (a large one) of Lady Alice is already exhausted.

MESSRS. PHILIPS and SAMPSON of Boston, announce LAMARTINE'S History of the Revolution of 1848.

MESSRS. STRINGER and TOWNSEND have published Jane Shore, or the Goldsmith's wife. By the author of Susan Hopley.—Georgina Hammond, by the author of the Poor Cousin. They have in press "My Sister Minnie," by the same author.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND FROM THE 29TH OF MAY TO THE 14TH OF JUNE.

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